



HE WAS A VICTIM.

The Man Whose Wife Was Fond of Bargains Unburies Himself.

"I am a victim," began the man with the long hair as he unfolded his newspaper and dropped into a seat on the "L" train beside an acquaintance—"I am a victim of my wife's taste, enterprise and economy."

"But, I say, old man, you ought to get a hair cut."

"That's what I say, but my wife won't have it. She says I look more distinguished with long hair."

"Say, I never saw you with a red tie before. You were always very particular about those things."

"I know, I know," said the other wearily. "I thought I had taste, and I think so yet, but what am I going to do? This tie, and he gave it a savage prod with his forefinger, "was purchased at a sale—30 cents it cost—and I have to wear it to prevent a row. My wife says it looks well."

"See these cuffs? Well, they are 12", and my size is 10". They came off the bargain counter, too, at the rate of two pairs for 10 cents. Cheap! But I have to put ticks in them so they will fit inside my coat sleeves."

He gradually warmed up to his subject. "You ought to see my underclothing. Job lots, every piece; fragments. Some are too large and some are too small. See this lot? It came home in pink paper and cost \$1.89. I wear a 7, this is 7. There is one morning and two evening newspapers in the band so it will fit."

"But it was a bargain, sure. My hats cost me \$1. You ought to be glad you're married. You must be saving money at that rate."

"Bargain? Bah! Don't talk to me of bargains. I'm sick of the word. I hear of bargains from morning to night, and sometimes during the night. I shouldn't be surprised if my wife should pick up a tombstone because it was cheap and would have to be used some time."

"And as for saving money! Wheh! All the surplus cash goes for bargains. She has two trunks full of bargains that she says will come in handy some day. I live surrounded by a junk shop, but for the sake of peace don't dare to say a word."

He leaned slightly forward—a shapely, and there was a sharp click. He put his hand around to his back with a pained expression.

"What's the matter? Hurt yourself?"

"Oh, no," he said grimly. "Two of the patent suspender buttons bought at a bargain counter have parted the ways, and my 22 cent suspenders have broken. Say, you haven't a safety pin or a couple of old card, have you?"—New York Herald.

LONDON'S GREAT CURIOSITY.
At instant Mrs. Ladley's wax works, London—This, ladies and gentlemen, is her life-like representation of the Hindoo gentleman who went to the World's fair last October, traveling the entire distance from New York to Chicago without being "hit up" by higwaymen, remaining in Chicago two weeks without being robbed, and returning to New York without being held up in a railway accident.—New York Weekly.

An Accurate Gauge.
Student after emptying his jug of beer at a single draft—That jug wasn't full again, water.

Writer—But you never looked into it.
Student—Quite unnecessary. I've got the measure in my throat.—Dusseldorf Zeitung.

Up the West.
There was a man came in, here the other day," thoughtfully remarked the elevator man as he slammed the door to in the face of the man who was in a hurry, "who wanted to bet \$500 to \$50 on the big game—and I took him up."—Life.

Too Much of a Good Thing.
What became of that student lamp you had?"

"Oh, it got to being too natural, and I gave it away."

"Too natural?"

"Yes—smoked all the time."—Truth.

No Use for Oneida.
Walter—They would like an omelet.

Uncle Josh—No, sir! Never could eat 'em. I guess you may bring me some eggs. Kind of beat 'em up a little an then cook 'em—Chicago Tribune.

A Natural Sequence.
Phrenologist—You have been married some years?

Patient in surprise—By George, that's true! How could you tell?

Phrenologist—Your bump of hope is a dent.—Puck.

Peculiarities of the Language.
Gus De Smith—I hear that your wife's mother is very sick. Is she dangerous?

Pete Amsterdam—She is a very sick woman, but she is not as dangerous as when she is well.—Texas Siftings.

Taking it coolly.
"All cold chaps," said Uncle Allen Sparks looking in a contemplative mood at his thermometer, "are alike in kind. They differ only in degrees."—Chicago Tribune.

PRETTY SLEEP WOOGERS.

Useful Novelty Pillows for Couch or Divans.

When Filled with Clover, Sweet Lavender or Bits of Thyme They Are More Attractive Than If Stuffed with Feathers or Hair.

Present-day luxury, so it would seem, begins and ends with the soft pillow. No matter who is to be the recipient, if you select the popular head rest of the moment—or an offering, you cannot go amiss. Here is a chance to utilize the field and meadow treasures collected by you during last season's country summering.

A pillow with odorous filling of clover, sweet lavender, bits of thyme, life everlasting or the fragrant and invigorating dr is many times more attractive than that stuffed with down, feathers or hair. Even the faintly perfumed fancy, with cotton batting lining, loses its charm when brought before a group of meadow-scented morsels.

An especially industrious holiday worker has added to her list of love-

notes the following few:



FRAGRANT PILLOWS.

takes a batch of pillows for the pet diva of an invalid friend. Some of them might suggest to you an idea for your cushion-making.

Of course denim is given first showing in this graceful pillow array. A trio of fascinating sleep woogers have slips in golden brown, dark blue and flaming scarlet. Each denim background is webbed over with a curious design outlined with white linen floss.

The straggling tendrils, half-moons, pilot wheels and graceful, but interesting geometric figures are not the work of a professional "stitcher," but were originated by the clever amateur herself, who, with a piece of common white chintz, boldly traced her own patterns upon the denim covers.

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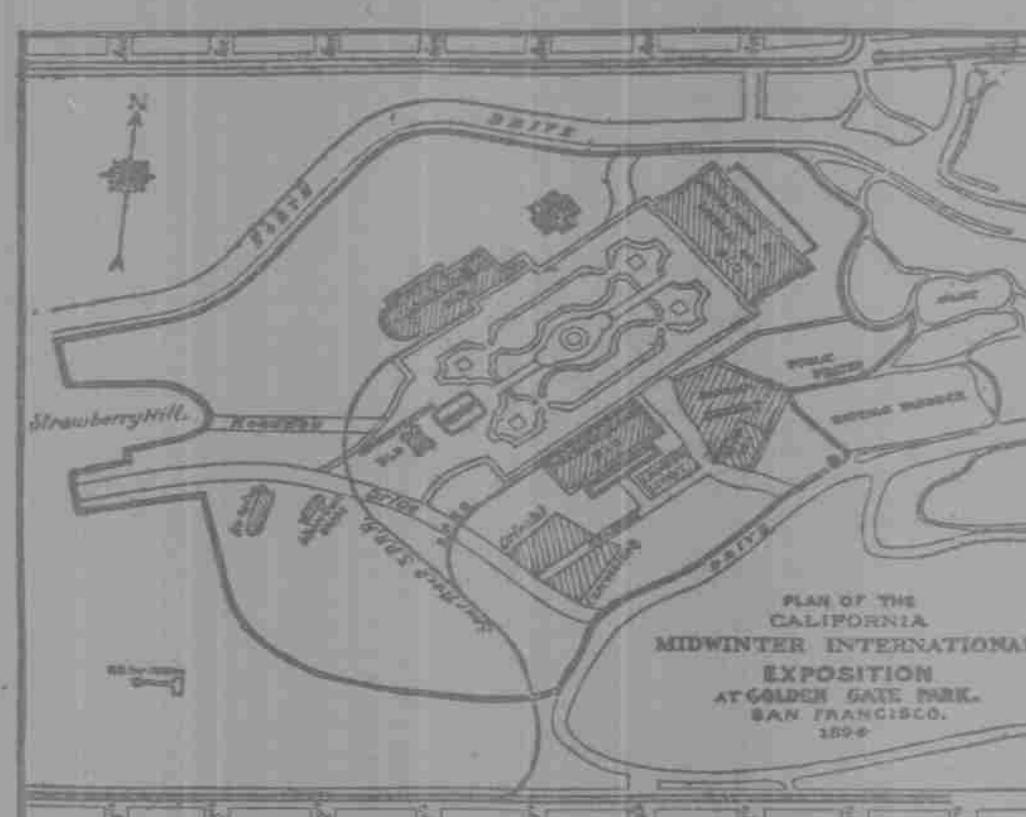
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SELECTIONS

THE WORK OF A MIGHTY BLAST.

Nearly 200,000 Tons of Rock Loosened by a Single Explosion.

For many years a huge mass of rock technically known as a "dike," a legacy from previous workers, has frowned over one of the Great Dixiequin quarries, the property of Mr. Aspinwall Smith, and has been a growing menace to the safety of men employed in the galleries below, which, in a series of terraces, rise almost from the edge of the lake far up the steep breast of the mountain. The Hon. W. W. Vivian, who manages the quarries for Mr. Aspinwall Smith, decided to remove the dike, and during the last three months preparations for its destruction have been in active progress.

From three longitudinal tunnels in the solid rock to chambers, each 11 feet by 4 feet, were made and charged with gelatine dynamite. Each bag of this explosive was placed in position by Mr. Vivian himself. Everything having been satisfactorily arranged, Mrs. Aspinwall Smith was requested to fire the 20 tons of fuse time fuse leading to the mass of some 2½ tons of gelatine dynamite safely packed in the crevices of the rock, a request to which she readily acceded. The fuse was fixed for 1 o'clock on Saturday, and shortly before the time thousands of people from Livermore and adjacent villages—Bengor, Carnarvon and other towns—took up advantageous positions in the neighborhood.

Punctually at the appointed time Mrs. Aspinwall Smith fired the time fuse, and at 12 o'clock the earth for a mile round was shaken as by an earthquake. At the next instant the face of the tremendous dike, which towered gloomily upward and on either side of which the rain covered rock glistened in a passing burst of sunshine, began to quiver ominously, and the loose earth in its crevices slattered down its smooth face like an avalanche. Next from different parts of the rock came sputtering bursts of smoke, and then enormous blocks dislodged themselves from the mountainous mass of rock, rolled slowly forward and finally crashed into the abyss below with deafening roar, which, mingling with the thunder of the exploding dynamite, reverberated grandly among the mountains that towered ruggedly into the cloud-darkened sky. Again and again was the downfall of the huge masses of rock repeated till 180,000 tons lay like tumbled fragments of the hills far below. A dense white smoke, the deadly aftermath, clung for awhile around the scene of the explosion, and when cleared away, in the place of the dike there was a great gap, in which glistened here and there pinnacles of splintered rocks.—London Excelsior.

A sage green satin cushion, crossed by bands of old gold ribbon, and another one in tones of gray and crimson, are each to take their place among the jumble of charming sleep woogers. This pillow collection includes a couple of Oriental looking fancies made out of an old Persian shawl whose wearing days were over. The circular shape of these head-rests affords an excellent display for the dusky-colored fabric, which, carrying out the decorative whim, is simply drawn in at the corners, and boasts of not the slightest trimming about edges or top.

A hop pillow is going to soothe the future mistress of these slumbering aids in any hour of pain. Its fresh muslin cover, slipped over the hop-bag at will, may be sent to the wash as often as it sools, each time returning with pristine cleanliness.

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Mr. Cleary—What for?

Mrs. Cleary—Oh, I've got a lovely bargain! I gave only 50 cents for a beautiful hanging lamp.

Mr. Cleary—But what's the \$4 for?

Mrs. Cleary—Why, I want to pay the cahoon I hire to bring it home with me.—Chicago Record.

An Interesting List.

Tom—I had been paying Alice a good deal of attention, and when I heard on the quiet that she was engaged I thought I would be foxy and send her some flowers, with a congratulatory message.

Jack—Great scheme! How did it work?

Tom—it would have worked all right if the florist hadn't made a mistake and sent her a big pillow with "We Mourn Our Loss" on it.—Brooklyn Life.

At Random Sent.

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A Thrifty Soul.

Mrs. Cleary (returning joyously from a shopping tour)—John, give me \$4, please.

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Mr. Cleary—But what's the \$4 for?

Mrs. Cleary—Why, I want to pay the cahoon I hire to bring it home with me.—Chicago Record.

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There are between 500,000 and 1,000,000 public documents piled up in the vaults of the capitol. They have been accumulating there ever since the government began to be so prodigal with good white paper, printers' ink and fast dresswork. Some of them are worth \$25 a volume. A man who makes a specialty in dealing in government publications has offered that most of them are not worth 25 cents. Mr. Richardson of Tennessee has undertaken to get the whole accumulation cleared out. He proposes to have these books distributed to libraries and institutions of various kinds. He also proposes to regulate future printing so that only those public documents for which there is a demand shall be printed and so that such shall

be distributed promptly. Meanwhile, as he carries the load of 700,000 accumulated volumes, he grows more and more round shouldered.—Washington Correspondent.

Get Down to "D."

A well-known scholar and man of letters sent the following jeu d'esprit to Dr. Murray on hearing the news that the new English dictionary has at last got through with the letter C, and that D is now in vogue:

Whenever the English speech has spread,
And the Union aces this tree,

The news will be gratefully, proudly read,

That you've conquered your A.B.C!

But I fear it will come

As a shock to some,

That the sun result must be

That all we're taking is double and dwindle and done,

To danger and drink,

And—seeking to think—

To words that begin with a d—.

—Chicago Tribune.

The Cranks' Disease.

Paranoia is the scientific name of the disease with which cranks suffer, says Dr. Stuart Douglas of the Bellevue hospital, New York. A man has paranoia, he says, when he is troubled with illusions of persecutions, or with groundless beliefs that he has power to have great riches and a grand position in life.